

Warriors among the Reclaimers

by Fade Maybe

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Summary: Humanity has been pushed inside the walls of Maria, Rose, and Sina. In the wake of chaos birthed the United Nations Security Corps, able to charter the ability to breed their soldiers to sacrifice everything in order to protect Humanity and to enforce Cole Protocol. But how much do they have to sacrifice until it becomes pointless? How much is enough in order for the Reclamation?

1. That Day

AN Note: Welp, here we go...(the Attack on Titan theme song just played and all of you are jolted by its epicness) Anyways, while this may seem like a odd mixture, I couldn't help notice its few yet great *similarities**

The defense and protection of Humanity, stuff like that...

So here we go. I hope you all enjoy this first chapter...and I think if I accidentally mess up canon...then I'm pretty sure I'll get a lot of hate mail from the hardcore fandoms. Oh yeah, the only canon I changed is that the walls were up longer than one-hundred years, and there's millions of people instead of the single-million.

Also! Just to get people to stop **complaining, warning: The UNSC is a little under powered in order for this to work...or you can think of it as the Titans are over powered...0-o**

I hope I got the personalities right. If there's anyway I can improve the story or if you would like the story to go a certain way, then send me a PM or leave a review...please...

**Arcadia City, Wall Maria, United Nations Security Corps, 2547
Military Calendar**

The air breathed with the sounds and smells of the local town as the sun rose above the impenetrable walls of Maria unto the earth. Blue

skies hanged without a single cloud on the beautiful day

Each soldier marched through the town as the crowds of civilians watched, and through them the faint sounds of cheering proceeded. Some men rode on the sides of Scorpion tanks, on Warthogs or horses. Assault rifles and DMRs made the metallic clinging as they bounced on Maneuver Gear, and green helmets jostled under hair and skin.

Up ahead, the symbol of Wall Maria stood above the entrance gate to the world beyond, and above the symbol of Maria displayed the eagle of the UN, its gaze staring onto the people and the skies above at the same time. Rows of houses jumbled together to form a complex system, only making way for a path large enough to support Elephant Recovery vehicles and M510 Siegework platforms.

The captain rode his horse in front of a Scorpion tank as its engines roared and released carbon dioxide into the air; he opened his water canteen and quickly took a sip of the purified water.

"You alrigh' cap?" Dubbo asked in his cheerful, Australian accent. He walked alongside the captain's horse. He shouldered his DMR to prevent it from laying on his Maneuver Gear. His helmet and orange goggles blocked his upper face from view, and his tan jacket and body was covered by the green cape of the Survey Corps.

"I'm fine, corporal." Captain Levi replied. He placed back his canteen and focused on the road ahead. "I thought the Marine Corps were supposed to deploy before us?"

"Negative, Erwin consulted with Captain Keyes. They decided it would be best for the Survey Corps to take the front of the onslaught." Dubbo said.

Levi sighed. "What a surpriseâ€¦" He looked to the crowd of people, held back by small barriers and some UN Army personal. Some civilians held banners displaying words of encouragement and victory. "Will they ever shut up?"

"Ohâ€¦you should be more cheerful!" Hange ZoÃ« interrupted in her eccentric manner. Her horse sped up to meet with Dubbo and Levi. Her dark, brunette hair and glasses bounced with every step the animal took. She looked at him with the same shade of eyes and a huge smile on her face. "Come on! Wave, smile!"

Greatâ€¦of course I'm the one surrounded by the Corps' two most happiest people.

"Besidesâ€¦" Hange continued. "You _should_ smile more, always being thisâ€¦depressed. It can't be good for you."

Levi rolled his eyes and placed them back to the road ahead. The gate was obstructed by the Survey Corps' only Mammoth siege platform, rolling along with its massive six wheels, three on each side. The mobile platform was painted in a very odd mixture of the Marine's green and tan, and the Survey Corps' blue and white. Levi could see gunners readying the ammo of M79 missile launchers and AIE-486H Heavy Machine guns. The mini-MAC stood upon the back of the Mammoth, giving the vehicle the odd shape it was well known for.

Church bells began to ring and confetti popped into the air from an

unknown origin, the cheering seemed to increase.

"I hope HIGHCOM knows what they're doing." Dubbo commented, dropping from his happy tone to a sullen and fearful voice as his face still smiled. "Sure, we got Naval and Marine supportâ€|but they're withholding the Spartans? Something's wrong."

Levi turned to Dubbo. "The absence of a few soldiers won't halt us. We can't always rely on the Spartans."

Dubbo grunted and his fearful voice disappeared. He waved at two kids as one cheered on the Survey Corps while the other looked to the crowd as if there was trouble up ahead.

"Dubbo, you remember the plan, right?" Levi asked, trying to test the rookie's memory.

"Of course, cap'. The Mammoths and the Marines will provide long-range support while _we _actually do the hard work. Clear out the forest in the name of Humanity and hold off any remaining hostiles until the engineer teams can establish forward command posts.

Levi nodded to his words. "Good. At least you're not as stupid as you seem."

Dubbo only replied with the causally 'yes sir', and walked on.

The walls came closer and closer. The sun's rays were blocked by Maria, turning into the darkness of the shadows.

Levi began to see the crevices of the open world as the Mammoth drove its way through the gates. The men in front of the three followed. And soon, it was their turn.

"Ah, another day another credit." Hange commented as she took in a breath of air.

"Shut up." Levi replied back in pure annoyance.

â€|

"_Deployment onâ€|standby."_

"_Negativeâ€|Sierra-117 is on deck. All units fall back to firebase: 7-0-0-1."_

"_We can't, Titan hostiles have us surrounded! We're moving to regroup with the _Salvation!_"_

"_You are not to regroup! Push your way forward, Echo-two-sixty!_"_

Eren!

"_Rogerâ€|uh, I'm seeing multiple Longswords flying into the storm. General, what the hell is going on?_"_

Eren!

"_Spartan deployment codes: Omega, seven, Zulu,
fiveâ€¦|_"_

Eren!

"_General!"_

Eren!

_Humanity shall set forth upon the signal for Reclamation. Yet does
Humanity actually deserve thisâ€¦|_"_

Eren!

Eren opened his eyes from slumber in a panic. His lungs were filled with the air of the small town near Arcadia, only separated by Wall Maria. His eyes were met by those of Mikasa as she shook him awake. "Eren! Wake up! It's going to get dark soon!"

"Huh?" Eren said in a drowsy voice. "Mikasa?"

"Let's head back." Mikasa said. She extended her slender arms for Eren.

He took them and heaved himself up, making sure the firewood still stayed in his pack "Oh, what am I doing here?"

"You were completely out of it. You were only asleep for a hour or two." Mikasa walked a few meters to her left and grabbed her stack of firewood as it lay on the ground.

Eren rubbed his face and breathed in the fresh air. The sun was blocked by a cloud, shadowing the hilltop of grass and blue flowers. "I felt like I had a really long dreamâ€¦|I can't remember what it was aboutâ€¦|"

Mikasa looked to him as her pink overlay and red scarf blew in the light breeze. Her charcoal black hair stood still as it partially rested on her shoulders. Her pale-white face let out a puff of air, turning into concern as she looked unto Eren. "Eren? Why are you crying?" The clouds moved away, and the sun was able to sprout again to the hilltop.

Eren squinted in confusion and brought his hand to his face. He found the salty water running from his eyes. And instead of a plunge into sadness, he was left in confusion. "Iâ€¦|I don't knowâ€¦|" He made Mikasa believe it as he walked towards a T-way street, surrounded by two-story houses and buildings. "I'm ok. I guess my eyes are just watery."

Mikasa only showed more concern as the two entered from a grassy and peaceful hill to a crowded, busy street. "Are you sure?"

Eren looked from her to the gate entrance of Arcadia. The gate was piled with people, merchants with their supplies, and horses making their way through the small side-gate. "I'm sureâ€¦|butâ€¦|don't tell anyone I was crying

Mikasa only sighed as both of them moved aside for a squad of UN Army guards. Each soldier carried a menacing looking rifle as they loomed

upon the small kids. The soldier's faces weren't visible as helmets and bandanas completely covered their faces. "If you say so, Eren. But you're crying for no reason. Maybe you want to have your dad check it out?"

"No way! I'm fine!" Eren responded as he looked into Mikasa's black eyes. She only nodded in disapproval and acceptance, looking forward to the entrance of the gate.

Eren also looked forward, seeing another small group of Army guards as they played cards on a small table at the other side of the entrance.

He recognized one of the soldiers, he stood over one of the guards, yelling at the soldier that she better not lose. He turned without signal to Eren and Mikasa, his face showing a light smile under a five o'clock shadow. He had black, buzz cut hair and a Ace card tied onto his left shoulder pad. His brown, bulky gear held a small nameplate reading: 'Sergeant Forge.'

"Oh kids! Dudes, how's your day going? Why are there four of you?" Forge yelled to them in a slurred speech. He stumbled and grabbed on the inner wall of the gate for support.

"Forge you're drunk! You're all drinking again!" Eren yelled back in disgust as he walked up to the sergeant. He clenched his knuckles onto his straps of the pack as he gritted his teeth in anger of the drunken fools. "What the hell?"

Forge only smiled. "Yea I'm a bit off but you stand here all day, what else is there to do?"

"Can you even fight in that condition?"

"Sure maybe kinda Just give me a hour and I'll be fine, I promise. Besides, what do we have to fight?"

Eren looked to the sergeant as if he were stupid. Those morons, they were soldiers dedicated to the defense of Humanity, and they're sitting here, drunk off their asses?

"Who else!?" Eren yelled to them.

Forge straightened up, realizing what he was talking about. Before he could speak, another Army member walked to his side. "Oh, doctor's son seems lively today it's fine kids. 'Walls haven't been breached since the Covenant uprising two-hundred years ago. We're fine!"

Eren still wasn't convinced. "What? But my dad said".

"Trust me Jaegar! If the Titans do breach the wall, then we'll take care of it, and the UNSC will deploy everything they've got!"

Eren wanted to yell and shame the soldier but he continued. "The wall is fifty meters high! Ain't nobody damn sure going to get in here!"

Eren only looked to Forge for support, but he only nodded at what the soldier said. "Eren, we're Army soldiers, if we're required to fight then things are really fucked."

Mikasa tried to grab Eren from stepping forward and saying what's on his mind, but she failed in her attempt. "Are you saying you're not ready to fight? You are soldier of the United Nations! All of you took an oath to defend Humanity and enforce Cole Protocol at all costs!

People on the road stopped and stared, but only for a moment as they continued their business.

Instead of the colossal build up he expected from the two soldiers; instead both started laughing, and Sergeant Forge spoke between giggles. "You're kiddingâ€|Kid, if you actually want to look at soldiers then look to the boys in the ODSTs, the Marines, the Navy, Survey Corpsâ€|Spartansâ€|!" He trailed off at Spartans, letting the taboo fly through the air. It was name so ridden with hope that any vain use of it would bring disgust to any heart. "Anywaysâ€|we're a bunch of slackers and failures. Almost everybody in the Army division is! Come on, kid, it looks like you're already in the middle of a job, get going!"

With that, both 'soldier's' pushed Mikasa and Eren off, and Eren tried to talk back, tried to convince them otherwise. Yet he was stopped when Mikasa grabbed his arm and guided him along to Arcadia as the soldiers laughed and Forge only looked to them in regret.

"Don't worry Eren! You won't be looking at us for long once you join the ohhhh-so beloved Survey Corps!" One of the soldiers mocked as she almost tripped over the card table.

He tried to ignore the comment by only gritting his teeth and tensing his shoulder when they slightly rose in the air. For some reason, his legs wanted to kick something and wouldn't settle down.

The two, without word, took a left at a alleyway to avoid the crowded streets, filled with people and soldiers this time of day.

The alleyway was void with any other life as the tiled path led them to the main street. The dark alley was blocked up ahead by a small crowd of people. Somebody pushed past the two, walking quickly towards street. Eren yelled at him in annoyance, but the man didn't respond as he morphed with the crowd.

In curiosity, both Eren and Mikasa continued. Once they reached the main street, Eren found two small boxes so they could look overhead the tall people.

At that was when the thunderous roar of MAC guns began to firing off in the distance came to the city, overpowering the sounds of the people and the petty cheers of the crowd. Marines marched on the street in a perfect row of seven-by-nine. Splitting these groups were the sounds of treading and the massive, metal coating of Scorpion tanks. Their main cannons aimed towards the gates and on their sides sat specialized soldiers such as radio operators or medics. In-between one group was three prestigious men, riding on different colored horses.

Eren stared in awe at the green and tan of the marines. He recognized each weapon every man or women was holding. The MA5D Assault rifles,

used by CQC soldiers as the silver rifles glistened within the sun, M392 Designated Marksman Rifles, and even the deadly M6 Grindells shimmered in dark green. Eren looked to the three commanders as they rode among the crowds, knowing every by name. All of them yelled orders to move faster. He looked above and saw the sky polluted with Pelican transports, Heavy Lift Pods, and Falcon support helicopters.

He turned back to the street and started to talk to Mikasa as if she asked who the commanders were. "Major Isshar Lyison, commander of the Second Marine Division, Major Edward Buck, commander of the ODSs, Colonel James G. Cutter—strange, he's in charge of the Emergency Marine Deployment Reserve. I wonder what he's doing out here? And I don't see Captain Jacob Keyes either; he must be already out on the front." As he spoke, a soldier in a grey uniform quickly rode from the gate to the three. His face looked urgent, scared, and young as he told something to the commanders. His words turned each face to the plunge of fear; Colonel Cutter nodded and yelled at him to get back to the front. Eren read—or at least he thought he did—the small nametag as: Warrant Officer Thomas Lasky.

The thunderous roar increased in sound and small talk in the crowd began.

"Good God—the entire Marine Corps is mobilizing—what the hell is going on out there?" A man asked.

"I don't know, man. I don't see any Spartans or the Army being deployed, so things can't all be that bad."

Eren would've never noticed it then, or maybe he did, but his adolescent mind kept it hidden. It was the fear on the faces of the best of the best as they marched to the front. All of their faces seemed to know what was going on as they held fast to their triggers, only held back by safeties. Eren could only respect them and admire them for marching on, into darkness.

Mikasa looked to him in worry as he cheered on the boys in green. Knowing exactly what was going on in his mind. "You still want to join the Survey Corps, don't you?" She whispered to him.

Eren still stared at every soldier; two Longswords overhead left a intimidating sound as they raced in the skies above. "Let me guess? You're going to say it's a stupid idea."

Mikasa heard the headstrong in his voice; she sighed and observed the fear in the marines. "Eren, you should stop considering joining the Survey Corps."

His face turned to Mikasa in a mixture of disgust and anger. "Why? So I can stay in here for the rest of my life? I would rather see the world beyond and die out there unlike the rest of these—people."

"That's the point: You will die, Eren. Almost everybody in the Survey Corps eventually does."

"At least I'll die free." Eren said. He turned back to the marines, trying to ignore Mikasa's hurt face.

I didn't mean it like thatâ€|I'm sorry Mikasa. Iâ€|justâ€|

He sighed and looked back to her. "Let's get home, ok?"

Before he could say anything else, Mikasa lead the way back through the alley as Eren ran to catch up to her. "Mikasaâ€|Iâ€|."

"Don't you see, Eren?" She asked. Her voice was filled with grief as if he were dead. "I just don't want to see you die. I don't want to bury your body or see your name on a KIA list. I don't ever want to ask a commander where you are, and he responds that you're dead."

Eren didn't know what to say, his mind scared at the words Mikasa said. Both entered unto the dirt road to home, his mind now doubting his enlistment.

â€|

"Ready!" Nolan yelled to the MAC crew. His hands moved over the guidance control and he aimed the super canon at a long-range target that the marines designated for hit. "Firing!"

Nolan held onto the trigger as the MAC slug magnetize. He heard the small thuds of a six-hundred ton slug moving through the rails inside the gun. It only took seconds as the round discharged through the muzzle, releasing the defying sound of magnets repelling a oppositely charged shell firing off at a quarter of the speed of light.

Nolan used his built-in binoculars that came standard with every gunner's helmet. The slug charged at a fifteen-meter class Titan, its deformed body stood still as its arms seemed to be broken and his mouth opened without jaw restraint. The round literally ripped the bastard apart, blood and body parts flew in every direction. A red mist flew across the plains, covering some soldiers in blood. They ignored it and continued to fight the Titans.

"Alright, reloading! ETA: thirty minutes." A chief engineer yelled. Nolan sighed and jumped out of the gunner's seat of the enormous canon. Now his job was to wait and look to the battle, waiting for the next MAC round to enter the canon with its ridiculous reloading time.

The battle scene took place across plains and in parts of the Forest of Giant Trees. Mammoths and Cobras were positioned across the fields and near the walls, taking down Titans at long range with Gauss rounds and MAC slugs. Yet these slugs only weighed around five to ten tons and had nowhere as near of a effect as the MAC guns positioned on the walls. Marines in Warthogs drove and skidded at dangerously close lengths from the Titans. They fired a mixture of lead rounds and rockets at enemy, while every once in a while, a Titan would grab a hog. The crew would jump out and use their Maneuver Gear to latch onto another vehicle and get to a safe distance, or sometimes they were too late, and they were devoured as they screamed and cried in vain.

Explosions rung in the forests where skirmishes between the Survey Corps and Titans took place. Nothing could be seen through the obscurity of trees and it only made the unknown worse as Longsword bombers flew overhead, dropping SLAVE missiles unto hostiles.

An Aberrant Titan charged through the hogs and forwarded towards a Mammoth a few clicks from the gates. The crews of the platform fired off a MAC slug, but missed as the round only ripped off the Titan's arm. The Titan body-slammed into the Mammoth, almost knocking it onto its side. The crew fired their machine guns directly at the Titan's face, trying to blind it. Yet it surged on, climbing to the top of the vehicle, only taking seconds to rise above the twenty-four meters of height. Marines engaged, using their Maneuver Gear to climb up the fucker's body. The Titan ignored them as it seemed preoccupied with the mini-MAC. This led it to his end as he was killed with a single slash of a sword at the back of the neck. It fell on the Mammoth, making the vehicle immobile while the marines who weren't crushed slumped into the armored cocoon, useless until rescue arrived.

Twenty-millimeter canons rained death as they begun to fire on any hostiles marked by the marines, and they made sure the front gate was clear for deploying battalions. They edged directly over the wall to the deck, fifty meters below. Each gunner was helped by electronic auto-targeting.

One of the engineers walked up to Nolan and handed him a data-pad with marked coordinates. "Hit request from the Survey Corps, they want you to strike a fifteen-meter class deep within the Forest."

Nolan sighed with despair and annoyance at his uselessness. "I'll have the A.I man the canon. No human can hit that target."

The engineer nodded, leaving Nolan looking back to the battle. A Heavy Lift Pod flew right over the wall, trying to look for a quiet place to deploy a firebase.

Then that's when it struck.

The skies above turned from their light blue to a frightening red and orange. More clouds began to form, centered mostly in the forest. It felt like air was being ripped from Nolan's lungs and in the midst of the clouds, an orange bolt of lightning struck the ground, louder and brighter than any MAC gun or even a Tactical Nuke. A ripple of air flew by Nolan and the wall. He was blown back by the force and was sent spiraling down to the city.

Nolan looked to the top of the wall and aimed his Maneuver Gear. He pulled the trigger and out popped the titanium ropes of security. It attached to the wall, right where Nolan was aiming. His body jolted with sudden force as he was thrown back towards the top. The air whipped by him and he looked to find other engineers and gunners deploy the same tactic. His stomach crunched together and his body tensed up with pressure. He reached the top of the wall and reeled back the ropes of his Gear. His body touched down and Nolan tucked in his knees, rolling along the wall. Christ, he fucking hated using the Maneuver Gear, it felt so weird and he couldn't handle the constant falling sensation.

He got off his knees and looked to the guns. They were discharging electricity from their exposed wires, and the magnetic treads seemed to loosen. Nolan looked out to the front and his heart stopped to the sight he saw.

The thing moved out of the forest, standing smaller than the trees yet the thing was obviously bigger than the wall. It had no skin, displaying each and every muscle in its body, somehow staying together without the outer bag for support. It looked barren of emotion as the giant among Titans moved one leg after the other, each muscle pulling together to move the thing. It had no hair and its eyes were a strange black. The Aberrant ignored the soldiers on the ground as they scrambled out of the thing's way in pure fear.

As this happened, every naval ship fell from the sky. The Heavy Drop Pods fell as its engines failed at their purpose. Longsword bombers slowly glided down, their pilots quickly bailed and parachuted to the deck, either landing safely and sprinted to the nearest vehicles, or were crushed in the hands of Titans.

Mammoths or Warthogs didn't move out of the way, only to be left behind by their handlers. Blue flare trails raised into the air from shooters Nolan couldn't make out. His binoculars refused to work and his helmet was left in normal vision.

Nolan knew the flare trails, blue represented (at least in this situation) a nearby target for MAC operators to fire at. Yet these flares were only supposed to be used if you have nothing else. The engineer that talked earlier to Nolan, landed right next to him and spoke quickly.

"EMP! All communications are down! Vehicles are inoperable!"

Nolan broke through the trance of shock as the engineer looked to him for orders. "Copy! Can the twenty-millimeters still work?"

"Sort of, the electronic treads are down so give us a moment to switch to mechanical!"

The Titan crushed a Elephant under its foot, ripping the metal and squeezing it like gel. Nolan saw the small dots and heard the echoes of machine guns as they reengaged in combat. Nolan looked to the MAC gun. "What about the MACs?"

"Negative, we don't have any mechanical backups for that thing. Back generators will take time to reactivate the fucking treadsâ€|"

Nolan nodded, realizing there's no conventional way to stop the monster as it continued to walk like it was in no rush. Its teeth were visible as jaw muscles blocked parts of the only whiteness. The Navy was now immobilized and the backbone of the Marine Corps was broken. He saw lines break and fallback towards the entrance of the gate.

He pulled out his small flare gun, and loaded a black flare, and shot it into the air. Signaling for a full scale retreat and letting the other side of the wall know that 'we are fucked hard'.

The Survey Corps fell back on horseback, away from the forest, some stopping to provide rides to marines. Engineers on the wall inserted metal spikes into the treads and rails, switching from electronic and magnetic to mechanical. Gunners were finally able to move weapons to position and fired shell after shell of the twenty-millimeters at the abomination, each round producing a yellow stream of light and

ejecting a shell onto the wall-top.

The thing was only two kilometers away as more men fled either on foot or horseback. Being taken under the muscle man's feet or by another Titan.

Nolan, now fear stricken as none of the weapons seemed to do any damage, even the few fifty-millimeter automatics Wall Maria held had no effect. He loaded another pellet into his flare gun and raised it into the air, pulling the trigger.

The color had the same meaning by definition of law for every mission. Purple: request of nuclear strike upon the area.

Even with the arsenal of atomic weapons the UNSC held. HIGHCOM deemed them never to be used unless in extreme circumstances since humanity still had hope of reclaiming the outside world.

But that hope was either dead or greatly stalled as the Titan was only one click away. Nolan looked back and saw the response of a black flare from the other side of the wall.

At least they saw what the hell was going on and they could begin evacuations of the city.

He turned back and was suddenly face to face with the abomination as it looked past him. Nolan couldn't move as he dropped his flare gun to the floor below him. He took off his helmet and let the cool wind smolder his brown hair. The sounds of the twenty and fifty-millimeters still fired in hopelessness. Nolan looked down to his feet, covered in the brown and bulky armor of the Army division.

The Titan grabbed onto the wall with its left hand, barely missing Nolan as it crushed a twenty-millimeter and its crew. Their last screams seemed muffled.

He looked to the earth and saw the Titan raise its knee towards the gate. Nolan blinked and stared back into the face of the threat. He pulled out his magnum and sword and aimed his Maneuver Gear at the Titans face. But before he could do anything, the Titan's knee reached the wall, and it collapsed under Nolan's feet.

Nolan fell with it as his last view was of the Titan looking forward to the city.

â€|

One year agoâ€|one year ago, Wall Maria fell with Arcadia. In this turmoil of events, the UNSC were able to evacuate millions from Maria with unrealistic speed and organization despite the fall of communications at Arcadia.

Yet this wouldn't take away the events Eren, Mikasa, and Armin witnessed at Arcadia. Eren's mother was dead and his father was driven insane with madness and grief. And the only reason that some people and soldiers were saved from Arcadia was because ofâ€|.

â€|.them.

The mythic legendary soldiers of the Spartan-II program, Eren witnessed their abilities from the evacuations boats, guarded by DV-15 assault ships. Only six defended the invasion of the river, only six were able to kill dozens of Titans, and with a joint effort from the Survey Corps, the death toll tripled.

The Spartans were dressed in different armor, one in light turquoise as the women only held a magnum pistol. Another was dressed in black and red armor, and had a frightening skull on his mask. Another was dressed in the same shade of brown armor as the Army.

Eren's ship pulled through the gate, leaving the last impression in his mind of six super soldiers with the support of a elite Corps fending off against desperate odds.

The wall fell when reports of an 'Armored' Titan broke through. And the UNSC, despite their efforts, failed to defend from the Titan purge. HIGHCOM decided it was necessary to enforce Cole Protocol.

The suspensions of civilian and monarchy government were authorized, and they were replaced by regional governors under the HIGHCOM council. The Emergency Economic Reconstruction plan was set, an unpopular plan where wealth was taken away from the rich and the economic gain of everyone was the same. All food merchants were forced to comply with the UNSC and food was equally distributed.

Even with the complete hatred of the people, HIGHCOM still took to unpopular, but necessary measures to unsure the future of Humanity. Unlike the old monarchy, HIGHCOM was never influenced by any external force unless it lay within the higher ranks of the UNSC. This caused it to be the most brutal yet efficient government in the society's history.

And the hatred for the UNSC only got worst with the initiation of the Emergency Draft Plan.

2. Draft and Enlistment

****Chapter 2 is here...already...A couple people (literally) complained about the UNSC being under powered...or the Titans being over powered, but whatever. The first chapter only got a little views but I expected that. I'm mostly doing this to improve my writing****

****And yes the issue with the whole UNSC able to kill off the Titans will be addressed...sort of...****

****Harvest, Wall Rose, United Nations Security Corps, 2548 Military Calendar****

The two of them stared at the soldier with the rest of the crowd, waiting for his announcements. He wore the black armor of the ODSs and his head was clean shaving. "On orders of High Command! All men age sixteen through twenty-seven, and all women age eighteen through twenty-seven, are to report to their local enlisting officer, immediately! For draft and enlistment by the UN Army

Division!"

Everybody stared at the announcer in shock and terror. Mothers brought their older sons and daughter close to them. The soldier only looked down at the paper and continued through the commotion. "If anybody tries to avoid the draft, under Cole and JAG Protocol, this offense is punishable by imprisonment until the end of the war and/or execution. Those of you who surpass in skills shall be reassigned to the ODSs, Marines or Survey Corps."

Crowds started to yell back in anger, and only a few young men and women stepped from the people to serve under the banner of Humanity and the UNSC. The few Army guards protecting the ODS started to tense up with uneasiness as the mob drew closer and closer yet the announcer's faith sided into his words. "The Army with a joint effort of all militaristic divisions shall fight back the Titans and reconquer Wall Maria in the name of Humanity! For we are their rightful owners, and we shall show these monstrosities the true power of Humanity!"

As the people edged forward, only held back by the rifles of the Army; Eren looked back at Mikasa and didn't find Armin with her. He turned to the full stand of the UN merchants and tried to look for his long-blond hair. The starving people were only given small portions of food and pocket change as they stood there, begging for more. Army soldiers pushed them off and the next person in line was given the few possessions as their neighbors.

The river flowed with light, blue waters as it fled outwards towards Wall Maria. Every once in a while, the thunder of a mounted MAC cannon rained from the upper wall as it took down dozens of Titans at a time.

"Eren?" He heard his friend's voice behind him. He turned and found Armin walking towards him. Armin held a few loaves of bread in his hands and a piece of paper. Crumbs spilt onto his blue coat and white shirt as he was smiling with happiness. "Hey! My grandfather was able to get bread for the kids, you want one?"

Eren grunted and instead he quickly grabbed the paper from Armin as he looked to Eren with his blue eyes in confusion.

Draft orders from the UNSC and the symbol of the Eagle showing its hostility towards Eren. It was basically a reprint of everything the announcer said, but Eren saw the small bottom portions the ODS didn't mention: All orphans of the recent attack have the authorization to place an enlistment spot, and once they become of age, they'll be able to join.

"A draft document?" Armin, why do you have this?" Eren asked as he lowered the paper and looked to him.

"I know you're going to sign up for the Survey Corps, and I don't think Mikasa or I can stop you at this point." "I'm joining too! I can't let you go alone." "My grandfather said I could" He stuttered in between words as he looked to Eren in kindness.

Eren crumpled up the draft document, and looked to him in shock. "No! you can't join the Corps! I have to do this alone, I don't want you or Mikasa to get hurt."

At the mention of her name; Mikasa appeared behind Armin like a ghost. Her face was painted with despair and sadness as the black eyes looked through Eren. "And what? The same way goes, Eren. We don't want you to die either. If you go alone, you're going to get killed. I'm also signing up to make sure that doesn't happen."

Eren looked to the two of them, realizing they now had the same determination as him. He couldn't let them take to the front with him; he couldn't stand watching them die. "You can'tâ€|."

"And why not?" Mikasa yelled at him in anger. She still had her natural sullenness protecting her gentle face. "You're already making it worse for your mother if you sign upâ€|She would've at least wanted use to stick together."

Eren looked down to the tiled pavement as tears began to form in his eyes. He tried to hold it in as he clenched his fist around the already crushed document. He wanted to join the Corps to seek revenge and to stray away into the outside world. Yet his mother would probably want to see him live on, and if any less, she wanted to see him stand with Mikasa.

So was that his mother's last words? She knew she couldn't stop, but she would know that Eren's friends will stay with him till they meet an end somewhere on the frontlines.

He looked back to the two of them and quickly wiped the tears from his face. He tried to speak in full tone, but only the sound of a raspy, heartbroken voice came through. "I can't stop youâ€|I just want to see you guys be safe."

"And we want you to be safe." Armin said. He carefully took the document from Eren's hand and refolded it. His finger landed on the location of the enlistment offices. "It's obvious you won't be safe on the front whether in the Survey Corps or the Marines. We'll be there to watch you, and we'll make sure you don't do something stupidâ€|"

"Are you sure? You can have your own lives here. I already choose my path. You can have your own livesâ€|and if I do dieâ€|it wouldn't be your fault in any way."

Armin sighed and looked to the people. "If Humanity continues to be guided along this path, then we'll have no futureâ€|and I hate to say it, but I think the UNSC realizes this to. In a year or two, they'll regain back their full military strength. And I don't think it's to put them as wall guards or in the EMDRâ€|.And even though I 'disagree'â€|" Disagree was a lighter term Armin liked to use with his disgust of the militaristic council. "â€|with a lot of things the UNSC are doing, and some of them are outright stupidâ€|"

"So are you only joining because of me?" Eren said. "Why fight for a group youâ€|disagree with?"

"Because the UNSC is the only thing in-between Humanity and destructionâ€|no other committee can make the tough calls like HIGHCOM."

Eren turned to Mikasa, thinking he understood what Armin said. "And

what about you?"

"We can head to the office now, if you want." Mikasa answered.

Eren nodded, not needing to say anymore. With that, all three of them treaded along the dirt paths of Harvest.

They exited the crowded square just in time as tensions started to liven up between the Army and the people.

All of them entered a long road surrounded by slum buildings. People huddled in corners or begged at soldiers or merchants for food and more money. All three ignored a desperate attempt of rioters easily subdued by the UN Army. Soldiers fired into crowds while a sergeant yelled at all of them to go home. Blood trails departed from the mob, and people quickly turned into confused animals and ran in the opposite way. The soldiers held their fire and watched people scream and trample each other. Mikasa lead the two in another direction through a small alley to protect them from stray fire and pause the images of violence.

The people of the major farm city have grown up plowing and harvesting food all their lives. They were sun-beaten and their hands turned rough over the hard years, majorities were skinny and frail yet lean and strong in the consequences of hard labor. And now their work grew with more burden in the past year as the city was into overtime to support the refugees from Wall Maria.

Armin's eyes widened at what they saw as his mood changed in a few minutes. His body shock furiously as he still held the bread in both hands. It was bad enough that a great threat of Humanity lay outside the walls, only held back by the superior MAC cannons and Spartan troops. Now their guardians were only able to keep order through black tactics and threats of destruction. Recently over past year, small signs of rebellion against the United Nations popped up in towns within the walls. These rebellions were always crushed by the Spartans or Military Police before momentum could even begin. And the UN always spouted words that these rebels are a threat to Humanity, and a lot of people believed them, even smart people like Armin.

But actually seeing the measure the UNSC takes to strive for safety was much different than talking and believing in them.

Up ahead, the office doors were opened as two marine guards stationed on either side, dressed in heavy, green armor. A long line curved around the building, filled with young men and women readying to defend Humanity and the UNSC with their lives. Or so they thought at the time.

Eren sighed at the long wait, yet he complied as he entered the end of the line, trying to count how many people there were.

His eyes looked upon a scary sight. Armored Warthogs stopped on the other side of the street, and produced people in handcuffs. All of these young farmers and civilians screamed and kicked in terror as soldiers forced them inside the building. The yells were how they didn't want to die on the front and they had a right to stay which only caused the soldiers to accuse them of being cowards and not taking to arms in Humanity's time of struggle.

Mikasa lightened the mode as she finally took one of the bread loaves Armin carried. She took a small bite, waiting for Armin and Eren to do the same.

"Like you said: The UNSC does what is necessary." She quietly said between bites.

Armin stared at the scene in shock as one of the soldiers used the butt of a SAW to hit a poor girl in the back of the head and force her inside. Armin whispered. "Sometimes you have to question are these soldiers even Human? How could they have so little empathy?"

"I would be careful what you say out here Armin."

Eren stayed silent, moving into his own thoughts based on their words. Should he hate them for the things they were doing right now? Or grateful and cooperative since this same force saved millions of lives in Wall Maria, and sacrificed their own troops and resources in order for pesky civilians to get out? The only way for order and everybody to survive was to employ communistic economics, leaving the people in poverty and hundreds of businesses shut down. The few who were able to regain funds and stay alive were industrial armories that made weapons and vehicles for the UNSC, farms that provided food, mines and other sites that supplied natural resources, and construction divisions that maintained the walls, cities, and military bases and the few remaining airfields.

Can they be blamed? The enemy laid right outside their doorstep and the house is overcrowded. But were some of these tactics necessary or wise? How many soldiers did the UNSC lose? Eren remembered overhearing that the entire Marine Corps was deployed that day, but were the casualties as high as the UNSC said? Then again, a military division with full control of the people could obviously lie.

Eren looked to the distributed bread Armin held. Armin took one and almost ate the entire thing in one bite

Before Eren could say a word, another voice spoke behind them. "Hey you wouldn't mind me asking if you have a spare loaf, would ya'?"

Eren turned to find a kid about their age and a few centimeters shorter than Armin. His black hair was buzzed cut and he had a smile traveling across his face. His yellow/green eyes tried to pay attention to the three, but couldn't help themselves to the food below. His small body was covered in the mud-stained pants and a worn T-shirt.

"I'm sorry" He said, holding out his hand to Mikasa first. "I'm Connie Springer; uh I'm guessing you all are also here to hold a enlistment?"

Mikasa carefully reached out and shook the hand of the fellow orphan. "I'm Mikasa Ackerman, this is Armin Arlet, and Eren Jaegar."

Connie nodded, somehow able to distract himself from the food. "Nice to meet you all."

Eren broke the awkwardness by looking at Armin's hands, finding one

bread loaf left in his small hands. Eren showed a small smile on his face. "I don't think you came up and talked to us just to become friendsâ€¦take the last loaf."

Connie's face lit up with satisfaction while Mikasa looked to Eren in anger. He was about to grab the bread when Armin pulled back, and his tone turned into a hush whisper. "Heyâ€¦have you ever tried to beg for food from the guards?"

He rejected his hand and looked to Armin's blue eyes. "Well, I don't know. I might accidentally walk up to the wrong guard and end up with a bullet in my foot."

Armin picked up on it. "That's why you don't go up to the guards. They only give extra food to their families and friends. You have to go for the Civilian Distribution Officers or the merchants. They aren't indoctrinated like the rest of the soldiers to follow orders."

He still looked at the bread in Armin's hand and doubt spread across his face. "I wouldn't know what to doâ€¦"

"I'll show you if you let me."

Connie lowered his hand back to his side, mindful of the people forming behind them. "Why would you help me?"

Armin sighed and handed the bread to Eren. He fumbled with it and looked to Armin as he responded. "It wouldn't take that much work, besides you wouldn't have to bother people anymore andâ€¦walk up to the wrong person."

He looked to Eren and Mikasa, both were staring at the two. "I'll take Connie to the lower Merchant areas. I thinkâ€¦what was his name? Lance? He was a soft spot for kids. I'll put in a requisition order for an enlistment laterâ€¦It's not like they're going to run out."

Before Eren or Mikasa could talk back, Armin grabbed Connie's hand and forcefully guided him through the streets.

Nobody stopped them or questioned them. Once they turned the other corner, Mikasa slapped the backside of Eren's head. "You idiot! Why would you hand him your only food?"

Eren rubbed the back of his head in more annoyance than pain. "I'm sorry I tried to help another starving kid!"

A UN guard walked up and down the line holding a M45D shotgun. His shadow lingered upon the two kids as his gaze read: 'shut the hell up'. He patrolled further down the growing line.

"You have to take care of yourself first." Mikasa whispered as she leaned in closer to Eren.

"And let others starve?"

"Soon, before you realize it, you'll be dead from an empty stomach while others live on."

Eren stayed quiet and rolled his eyes. The line moved forward as groups of civilians destined to be soldiers were lead out of the office by Army officers. It only took a few more minutes when both of them reached the front of the line at a built-in, black office desk, occupied by a UN officer in grey clothing.

She looked from her papers at the two and told them to go to Lieutenant Hannes' office, pointing down the thin hall. The two followed her finger till they reached a oak door with the name scripted into the glass.

What stood behind the door was the same built-in desk, and on the desk was a holo-computer as a man in the same grey uniform typed on the keyboard.

He had a shoulder pad with his ranking displayed and his uniform held a nametag. His blonde hair was short-cut with the same shade of eyes and a pencil thin mustache. He was lightly built and tall as he stood straight in his chair. His yellow eyes moved from the computer to the kids.

"Ah, you're here to sign up for future enlistment. Hmm, Alice always sends me the kids." He said with sadness. He pulled out two papers from his desk and motioned for them to take a seat.

Eren took the one of the left and Mikasa to the right. Hannes sighed and produced a pen and began to right down something on both papers. "Last name, first name."

Eren looked directly at the guard without emotion and tried to copy the respectful manner of a soldier. "Jaegar, Eren."

Mikasa kept her usually tone. "Ackerman, Mikasa."

Hannes nodded and continued to write in silence. "Why do you want to join the UN Security Corps?"

He first stared in Eren. Who only grabbed the edge of the seat and crushed the wood under his hands. He gritted his teeth as he remembered that day. The day where he was given true reason to join the Survey Corps.

"To kill Titans." He whispered. He looked the officer directly in his yellow eyes to make sure the point was clear.

As Eren breathed in heavy amounts of air, Hannes raised his eyebrow and his face shown slight fear at Eren's rage. He nodded in understanding; Hannes didn't need to ask if the kid's parents were truly gone. Only the fear of death which would fuel the lights of revenge gave way.

He looked to Mikasa. "And you?"

"To defend Humanity from any threat." She lied through her teeth.

"Where are you two staying atâ€¦now?"

"In a small, emergency apartment in the northern part of the city."

Hannes continued to write information down as he asked more questions. "What preferably division would you like to join?"

"Survey Corps." Both responded in unison.

"Hmm, you have to be a expert in Maneuver Gear to join them. Date of birth?"

"March 30th, 2537 Military Calendar, 834 Civilian Calendar." Eren replied.

"February 10th, 2536 Military Calendar, 833 Civilian Calendar." Mikasa said as her charcoal eyes looked to her feet.

"Do you have any experience with computers, vehicles, horses, or weapons whether through legal or illegal means?"

"No."

"No."

"Do you use any drugs or have history of any medical conditions?"

"No."

"No."

"We'll see at your medical screening before we actually enlist you two four years from now."

He stood still for a moment and looked from the kids down at the enlistment sheets. He tossed down his pen in frustration and rubbed both hands on his face. He cupped his mouth and looked back at the two. "I just want to let you two know: I want to stop both of you from enlistingâ€¦I understand, you want revenge, whether for your parents or somebody else and nothing will stop you. But you must know something that the UNSC likes to keep a secret.

"Retirement from the Corps isn't allowed until you're in your mid-fifties. But rarely does somebody make it that far. I can only count four retired members of the Marine Corps, Survey Corps, and the Navy at the top of my head, and rarely do you have discharges because of injuriesâ€¦the UNSC can fix anybody right up. 'Believe me, if you join, both of you _will _die, maybe not on your first deployment or even the next, but _eventually_ out there on the field. Don't think you'll be the ones to make it through, because the odds of that are almost impossible. If you join this Corps, all that will come home is a bodyâ€¦maybe. And you'll only be remembered by a gravesite and your name plastered on a memorial with millions of others.

"Are you sure you still want to do this?"

Mikasa looked to him for answer. Eren sat down in his chair, barely affected by his words. "If I don't die out there, then I'll only die trapped in these walls."

â€¦

"Son of a bitch!" A soldier yelled as she threw her helmet off and kicked it across the hallway.

Lasky breathed out as he slid down the wall to the floor, dry blood covered his face, small bits were reanimated by sweat and grease. He carefully placed the helmet by his side and let his black hair decompress and feel the air of the empty hallway. His armor clanged together and his holstered magnum slightly tapped on the floor. His body wasn't held back by the heavy boxes of Maneuver Gear.

The soldier still continued by ripping off one of her green shoulder pads, revealing the symbol of the Survey Corps on her sleeve and threw it like a football onto the wall. Her red and brownish hair partially flew while the other strains were matted by blood onto her face. "God damn it! This is just fucking bullshit!"

Lasky rubbed one hand on his face, relieving some stress. He leaned back on the wall and closed his eyes.

"Kid" He quietly said.

"How the fuck are we even losing!? How the hell are the Titans able to hold us back?!" She walked over to her green helmet, picked it up and threw it at a wall, leaving a small scratch on the gear. "We have fucking MACs! Naval fighters and transports, and nuclear fucking bombs!"

"Kid" His eyes were still closed, aimed at the ceiling above.

She was taking it a little too far. Lasky never treated them like soldiers, but more like people and friends. Now she was using it to her advantage by ranting out her feelings in the middle of a UNSC base. "For fuck sake's, we defeated the Covenant two hundred years ago! They almost wiped out Humanity, and you're telling me these fuckers these 'Titans' are pushing us back!?"

"Kid" Lasky said a little cautiously to tell her to shut up.

"Now" She yelled as her hands tried to violently rip off the cable boxes to her Maneuver Gear, yanking wires and threads out. "If we had actually heroes, like Spartan-1" "

"HEY!" Lasky yelled at the top of his voice. He opened his brown eyes and stared at the kid. Her face turned from the unsubtle anger to the kindness Lasky knew the woman by. Her white skin illuminated under the soft light and amber eyes showed fear for Lasky's sudden outburst. "Knock it the fuck off! And shut the hell UP, PETRA!"

She stayed silent as she looked to Lasky. Her face's soft features tensed up, causing Lasky to look down between his knees.

"I'm sorry" "

"No, sir" Petra began as she walked closer to Lasky. "I didn't mean to do that" "I'm" "

Lasky looked back up with a sad smile on his face. "I get it, kid. You're frustrated, in a lighter term. This is your first deployment and well." He laughed. "Even with all the simulations

and combat training, we can never show you the hell this is. You only get used to it after a while, after your deployments. But letting out your angry here isn't going to help!"

Petra sighed and sat on the metal floor next to Lasky. She tucked her petty legs into ball and looked at the wall on the other side. "What are we going to say to their familiesâ€|?"

"We say that they died with honor on the combat field. Their efforts have truly helped Humanity rise against this threat and prevail."

She stood silent for a moment. Her voice was shaky. "Do you really believe that?"

Lasky didn't hesitate. "I do. I actually believe in those words. I believed in them a year and a half ago when I first signed up for the UN Naval division. I believed in those words when I was put on the ground as a radio operator instead of up in the air as a pilot. I believed in those words when Maria fell in the middle of a mission to take land back from the Titans. I believed in those words when thousands upon thousands of people died during the evacuations. I believed them when Jackson, Prowell, Zortan, and McKesson died back there. I still believe them."

He looked to her as she spoke. "How can you believe in them when Zortan and Jackson died during flight? They didn't even step onto the field when their Pelican went down. What about the civilians a year ago who died during the fall?"

"I can still say this because any man or woman who has the courage to raise their arms in the name of Humanity has helped each and every person in the walls. And it doesn't matter if they were forced against their will. Those civilians lived their lives under the protection of the UNSC, and they knew we did our best. Those civilians are Humanity! Now we're taking Humanity andâ€|" He shook his head and let small beads of sweat flow down his face.

"What makes those civilians different from us soldiers?"

Lasky sighed, having nothing come to his mind. Petra continued. "If you think like this, then we were once human, right? I once lived in Wall Sina. I bet you didn't know that. Where'd you grow up again?"

"New Harmony."

She nodded. "I joined because I wanted to make a difference in this world. You were forced to serve because the UNSC and your mother thought you had a duty to Humanity."

"In reality, holding a rifle or sword, carrying the helmet and the Maneuver Gear, the symbol on our backs and the people looking up to us, it doesn't make us different. You think that we have to defend Humanity by giving up our empathy God gave us."

Lasky looked to the same area Petra was staring at. "It seems losing your Humanity comes easier to other people. Hmm, that's why Lord Del Rio never assigned me to ONI or anything else to do with internal integrity."

"We're only people, Lasky. The point is that not all of us died with honor or in a heroic death. Some died in fear while others died in those walls. But that's ok, not everything we do has to benefit the other, that's part of being human. This can be both a dark and bright truth"

"You know?" Lasky started to go, a little off topic. "I was always 'picked' to tell the civilians their sons, daughters, spouses, fathers whatever, died. Do you expect me to go to Jackson's husband or Zortan's mother and tell them they died in a transport malfunction? Their death was in vain, and all those years of training and dedications, their years of life, were wasted?"

"I don't know, Lasky. But telling them they died for the benefit of Humanity is lying. I think you know it, but kept it hidden."

Lasky stayed silent. He didn't want to believe what Petra said. Yet while his heart kept itself to his own code, his mind wandered with those words.

His heart spoke out. "Even if we are people we can't afford to make the mistakes of one. Those people need us. They need us so Humanity can survive. We can't afford to be 'human' at this moment. Not when it costs the lives of other soldiers and civilians."

Petra blew air out of her nose and laid her head on her knees. She wouldn't change Lasky, at least not now. "I know your heart is in the right place. And not tainted with zealotry like the officers in ONI or HIGHCOM. But you still have a passive mind, which technically makes you a hypocrite. A good hypocrite though. "

"Thanks. I'm sorry things went badly out there. They were good kids."

She nodded, trying to suppress her own sadness and tears to not have another emotional outburst in front of Lasky. For three years, she trained with each and every one of them. All were lost in seconds of deployment. They were people...they were good people and.

They were Humans.

He looked to her matted hair and tried to make her feel better. "Hey at least you only pissed your pants once. Christ, you still smell like piss."

After a minute of reconciliation, she looked up and laughed in faulted misery. "That was embarrassing. Don't tell anyone I did that."

"I won't. I had it worse though. The first time I ever used Maneuver Gear, I vomited during a pull-in."

"Really?"

"Yup, it didn't end well afterwards. Sergeant Loil is a tough instructor."

Lasky looked forward and finally stood up from his seat. He offered his hand to Petra. "Come on, we can't sit here forever."

She slowly grabbed onto Lasky's hand and lifted herself up.

â€|

In the first draft rounds, the UNSC has recruited a total of four-million volunteers and one-million drafts, millions more who either didn't meet the requirements, too old, or for other reasons, were moved to the Army division.

In the mid-year of 2549 Military Calendar, HIGHCOM launched Operation Past the Stand. The main strategy was developed and employed by General Lord Andrew Del Rio, head of the UNSC Military. He held full support from High Command except for one man.

The entire Marine Corps, ODSI Battalions, Navy, Survey Corps, and the Spartan-II super soldiers were deployed to take back Wall Maria.

Yet the high hopes in Del Rio's plan of shock and awe had one major flaw: Logistics.

The plan that was to only take a week, took months due to fierce resistance and heavy population of the Titans. Mammoth convoys quickly ran out of fuel and were stuck deep within Wall Maria, the MAC ammunition disappeared after the first few weeks. Battalions moved into positions where Wall Rose's stationary MAC guns couldn't provide them support. Maneuver Gear gas was in short supply out there, hampering the Marine efforts and almost making the Survey Corps completely useless. Weaken power cells halted the ability of the Spartans, and Lead ammunition and replaceable swords were running out faster than the armories could produce.

Instead of calling for a full-scale evacuation like the majority of HIGHCOM pleaded for, Del Rio ordered for emergency resupply runs, thus making air support almost impossible as the majority of the fleet had to support all their efforts for supply mobility.

Finally after months of failure, he called onto the UN Army divisions to provide support while the survivors retreated into the walls. This evacuation took one month.

An estimated sixty-four percent of all forces were eliminated. And only ninety-four of the two-hundred Spartan-IIs remained.

Later that year, the blame of failure didn't go to the inability of officers to follow orders or technological ideals. Lord Del Rio was to blame, and General Lord Andrew Del Rio resigned and was tried for incompetence and inability of command. His sentence was public torture until death.

He was replaced by the single man who saw the original flaws in Andrew Del Rio's plan. The man who didn't underestimate the Titan's power and was able to resupply the remaining forces with his best effort through Del Rio's failed plan. He was given credit for preventing more losses than there were.

In 2548, former General Lord Andrew Del Rio was replaced by Fleet Admiral Lord Terrance Hood.

3. UPDATE NOTICE

QUICK UPDATE: Might be a while for a new chapter becauseâ€|Well, let's just say I read a actual good fanfic called Tears of a Titanâ€|.

Now I'm rethinking my writing lifeâ€|FUCKâ€|.

Also, I'm planning on getting a 'restart' on the story. I'm basically rethinking the entire plot I had planned.

I don't know. Maybe I'm being too harsh on myselfâ€|.

We'll seeâ€|

End
file.